

**A ballat intituled Northumberland newes /**  
VVherin you maye see what Rebelles do vse.

*¶ Come tomblinge downe come tomblinge downe.*  
That will not yet be trewe to the Crowne.



**Y** Northcountrie nodies whie be ye so bragge  
To rise and raise honoz to Romish renowne  
You know y at Tiboze there standeth a flagge  
For suche as will neuer be trew to the crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

What meane ye to followe the man in the Moone,  
With battz bowes and arrowes and billes verpe browne.  
His shyninge with shame will be shadowed so soone,  
It will greue him that euer he troubled the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

Thowghe Poperie wrought a greate while agoe,  
That Percie prouoked Kinge Harry to frowne.  
Yet who wolde haue thought there were any moe,  
That wold not yet be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

Our Quene is the daughter of Henry theight,  
Who brought euery Alter and Imagerie downe.  
He left her and sawght her a remedie streight,  
For anye that wold not be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tombling. &c.

And though you do greete her like Traytours with treason  
To whom you owe honour with cappe and knee downe.  
I am sur that saint Peter will saye it is reason,  
To rule ye that will not be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tombling. &c.

And thowghe you do saye ther is matter amis,  
Whiche you wold redresse by noble Renowne.  
What any waye worse then Rebellion is,  
Of any that will not be true to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

What Strangers can be, more straunger then ye,  
That gather together bothe carter and clowne.  
And studie to sturte to seeke and to see,  
Whiche waie to deuisse to trouble the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

Sy: Ihon Shorne your morowe Masse Priest,  
Saythe to Lobbe looke aboute will ye knele downe.  
We will haue a Masse before Iesus Christ,  
And that is the waye to trouble the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

The knightes to theyr knaues saye sticke and be stowt,  
Our banners and staves shall bringe vs Renowne.  
We haue Nobles and others that be as deuout,  
To helpe vs at this time to trouble the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

The Rebelles come singinge but what cometh after,  
A longe worthe the singinge hey downe a downe downe.  
A Tyborne Typpett a roope or a halter,  
For anye that will not be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

For thowghe ye spoile Churches and burne by the Bible,  
And worshippe gaie Crosses in euery towne.  
Your Idolles you asses are neuer possible,  
To saue ye that will not be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

And thowghe ye do carie the banner of force,  
And folle rounde Robyn vnder your gone.  
You know that saint George hath a prauisinge horse,  
Canne make ente Rebell to stoope to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

The Westmerland Bull must come to the stake,  
The Lyon will roze still till he be downe.  
Northumberland then will tremble and quake,  
For woe that he was so false to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

And Catholiques old that hold with the Pope,  
And carie dead Images vppre and downe.  
To take better holde they shall haue a roope,  
To teache them once to be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

Let euery Priest that sayethe anye Masse,  
Either chuse to take the Crucifixe downe.  
Or hange as highe as the Crucifixe was,  
Except he will be trew to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

For God is a God of Ielousie suche,  
He lokes to haue his holpe Renowne.  
Or elles he will mispyke verie muche,  
To gyue anye one his excellent Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

God prosper the Quene as I truste that he shall,  
And graunt of his mercie with blessed Renowne.  
The North, and West, countrie, the south, east, and all,  
The people of Englande maye cleaue to the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge.

And I wishe that Good Preachers & other trewe teachers,  
Wolde visite the bynearde whose branches be downe.  
That all the North Countrie yet nosseld in Poperie,  
Might knowe theyr duetie to God and the Crowne.  
Come tomblinge. &c.

*Finis quoth. W. E.*

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